

## get into my car by ceruleanstorm

**Series:** (something strange in your neighborhood) [8]

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** F/M, i love lucas and max tbh and have been really wanting to write them, lucas and max shenanigans, one shot series, the party shenanigans

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Dustin Henderson, Eleven (Stranger Things), Lucas Sinclair, Max, Max Mayfield, Mike Wheeler, Will Byers

**Relationships:** Eleven/Mike Wheeler, Max/Lucas Sinclair

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**Warnings:** No Archive Warnings Apply

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 1,508

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**Summary:**

Max in the driver's seat, Lucas in the passenger seat. The way it was always meant to be.

A Lumax One Shot series

## get into my car

### Author's Note:

heyyyyyyyy so while I was doing the prompts on tumblr I wrote this whole story for Max and Lucas and didn't realize the prompt specified mileven. but I had already written the story and I kind of love it? So I'd thought I just make a new series seperate from every you and every me- which is going to be solely mileven. I have a few oneshots planned here and there, so this series probably won't get updated often, but I promise it will still be given love.

#71 “me and the boys will handle it” a flat tire on a roadtrip has the party sneaking into a motel swimming pool.

Max Mayfield watched as the numbers 8:01 pm on the shadowed dashboard flash before they became 8:02 pm. Twisting her body in her seat, she asked the girl in the backseat, “How long has it been now?”

El Hopper pursed her lips, glancing out the car window. “Thirty four minutes.”

“Jesus Christ how long does it take to change a tire?”

“I don’t even think they’ve gotten to the tire changing part.” El turned away from the window. “They’re just arguing.”

“Of course they are.” Max rubbed her temples and let out a long sigh. Her dress was itchy, her feet were blistered from her stupid shoes, and the makeup El had convinced- begged- to put on her was starting to clog her pores. “We’re going to be stuck out here forever because of their delicate masculinity!”

Thirty four minutes ago they’d been cruising down the highway, Max in the driver’s seat, radio turned up to the max and windows opened

as they all sang the lyrics, until a flashing red light on the car's dashboard forced Max to pull over.

"I think we have a flat tire. I'm just gonna grab the spare out of the back and-"

"No, Max don't worry." Lucas stopped her mid sentence, already opening his door, "me and the boys will handle it." He gestured to Dustin, Mike, and Will, who were all staring back at him with wide confused eyes, but they followed him out.

Thirty four minutes later, outside the car in the flickering light of the gas station's neon sign, Lucas was very much regretting even getting out of the car. He was also about to hit his best friend with a wrench.

"Have you found *anything* yet?" the annoyed boy demanded.

"No, Lucas, it's not like I can read at the speed of light!" Dustin waved the manual they'd dug out of Max's glove compartment, the white pages fluttering in front of Lucas' face. With the swing of his hand, he swat the manual away. "I just got to the part where they're talking about where to find the spare."

"Okay, but we've got it right here." Mike said from his place on the concrete curb, pointing to the spare tire Will was rolling back and forth.

"I'm gonna ask again because I *still* don't understand, but how do *none* of us know how to change a freaking tire? We've got four of the smartest people in the whole school, plus the goddamn valedictorian—" Dustin flailed his arms in Mike's general direction, "so why can't we change a flat?"

Will shrugged and Mike just shook his head.

"Do they always have to be so stupid about everything?" El moaned from the backseat, her arms clutched over her stomach. "We could have been there by now! I'm so hungry!"

"What, you didn't eat enough Eggo's today?" Max asked her best friend, and El could see her rolling her eyes in the rearview mirror.

“There’s never enough Eggo’s.” she mumbled, her eyes closed. “I’m going to inside and get some snacks, do you want anything?”

“Not really. But can you ask what the hell is taking them so long? Because I’m beginning to think they have no idea what they’re doing.” Max said, her voice drenched in heavy sarcasm.

El nodded and stepped out her open door. Leaning against the leather seat, Max watched El speak to Lucas and Dustin, before shaking her head and turning to her boyfriend. El took Mike’s hand and the two went inside the gas station market, El practically giddy as she pulled her boyfriend into the store.

“Hey Max, I found out what’s taking them so long. Really, El? Thank you, you’re such a good friend.” Max deadpanned, hitting her head over and over again on the steering wheel.

“C’mon, Dustin, knew I always preferred you over that traitor Mike, we can figure this out.” Lucas hit his friend on the shoulder but Dustin only gave him *the look*.

“Dude, you’re only doing this to impress your girlfriend. I’m single and don’t need this shit. I give up, you’re on your own!” Dustin threw his hands up in the air and then he was following Mike’s lead, just up and leaving Lucas so he could go get some snacks and maybe some more hairspray.

Lucas sighed in defeat. He had no fucking idea what he was doing. Dustin was right, he’d only done this to impress Max. She always had everything together! Not only that, but she looked amazing tonight, even they were just going to some jackass’s party. He just wanted one night where he could prove to her he had his shit together and take her out for a nice time. No matter how long they’d been together, he always felt like he was tripping over his feet in front of her.

“Will, man, you got anything?” asked Lucas in one last moment of hope.

Will pretended to be aghast. “Me? The sensitive art kid knows how to change a tire? What a plot twist. Nah.”

“Did you really have to be sarcastic about it?” Lucas glared and shook his head.

“Not really, but I thought that was kind of the theme of the night.” And with another halfassed shrug, Will turned on his heel and went into the store.

*Shit. Abandoned by the whole party, and now I totally look like a fucking idiot in front of my girlfriend.*

Lucas knelt down, eyeing the bolts that kept the wheel toward the car. He wanted to be a freaking lawyer and was smart enough to get into Yale. And here he was, completely up a creek when it came to doing one simple thing.

“Hey, you need help?” the door to the driver’s seat opened, and tentatively, Max stepped out, trying not to trip over her shoes. *Stupid heels!* As she tried not trip over herself in front of her boyfriend, she made her way to the open trunk before grabbing the jack stowed away back there. She then knelt down on the cold pavement next to him and put her hand out, gesturing to wrench he had in his hand.

Lucas nodded then raised an eyebrow before handing her the lug wrench he’d be holding for the past half hour. “You know how to change a tire?”

“Of course I do. I tried to tell you I could do it before you got out of the car all Superman like! You’re not really supposed to be driving a car if you haven’t learned.” She clicked her tongue as she began to loosen the lug nuts.

“Did Steve teach you this?” Lucas asked out of curiosity.

Max let out a loud cackle. “Like Steve knows how to change freaking tire.”

“Then how do you know?” he shook his head at her, but he knew there was big smile on his face.

“My dad taught me.” Max’s voice was soft as she spoke. It usually was when she talked about her dad. Lucas and her had long conversations about what he was like and how much Max missed

him, only able to see him during the holidays and summer. Lucas only hoped that someday he'd get to meet the man. "A couple summers ago. Has your dad just never taught you?"

"My dad's about as great with cars as I am. Don't get me wrong, my dad knows a lot, but I guess he never thought to teach me this." Lucas just shrugged.

Max nodded, putting the jack under the car, the vehicle lifting several inches as she tightened the screws. Then gingerly, she pulled the flat tire off the car and rolled it over to Lucas. "Put this in the trunk okay?" Lucas did as she said.

"Max?"

"Yeah?"

"I'm sorry for not letting you do this. It's not that I think you couldn't, because it doesn't surprise me that you can, but I just wanted to, I dunno-"

"Impress me?" Max finished his sentence, a tiny smile on her face. She began screwing the removed lugnuts back into the new tire.

"Yeah, I guess. Sorry if I made myself look like an ass." he held his hand out for her to shake, but she just shook her head and enveloped him in a hug instead.

"I get it, Lucas. I wanted to impress you too. Why do you think I dressed like a clown tonight?"

"You do look pretty damn good." Lucas laughed as Max blushed under the neon light. "Maybe we should just stick to being ourselves?"

"We should." They stood up together, the job done, watching their friends laughing in the windows of the store. Lucas opened Max's door.

"We should just leave them here." he rolled his eyes.

"Yes." Max nodded, as the car roared to life as she turned the

ignition, Lucas taking his place in the passenger seat. "Yes, we should."

**Author's Note:**

thank you for supporting your local lumax shipper.  
fic title inspired by "Get Into My Car" by echosmith, a  
great song for these two.